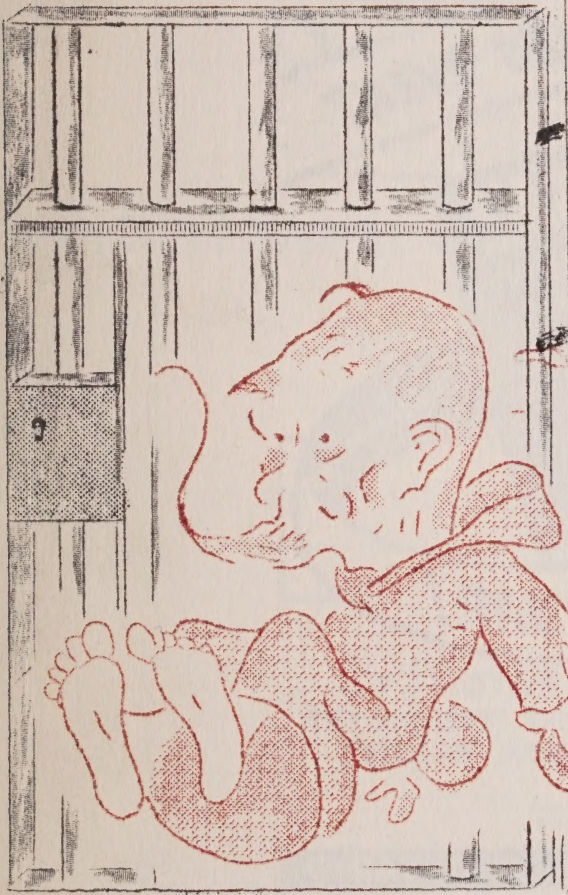


# WON'T TALK

ECHOES

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HAPPY  
NEW YEAR



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# mountain echoes

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MOUNTAIN ECHOES is published with the permission of Major-General R.B. Gibson, Commissioner of Penitentiaries. It is desired to provide inmates with an opportunity for self-expression and a medium for discussion of public problems, to serve for the promotion of useful thought and activity within the institution.

A.H. CAMPBELL, WARDEN

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MOUNTAIN ECHOES is published by the inmates of Manitoba Penitentiary, Manitoba. No articles of a scurrilous or defamatory nature or in any way detrimental to the administration of justice, will be published. Any views expressed herein are not necessarily those of the administration.



# EDITORIAL

By W. Lake

After serving a considerable number of years behind the walls of a penitentiary and spending a great deal of that time in serious contemplation of the circumstances leading up to the committing of crimes and in the resultant punishment I am forced to come to the conclusion that the general agglomerate mass of human beings commonly known as the public are a rather stupid and apathetically indifferent lot.

A few days ago a prisoner was released from this penitentiary and during the very same day he committed a particularly revolting crime against a seven year old girl. You were infuriated and the great to-do that you raised reverberated inside these walls to such an extent that we were all instantly branded with the stigma....sex-maniac. It might, it just might interest you to know that the men behind these walls were just as incensed over this disgusting moronic crime as you were, only more so. Today, only a few days after the crime you have forgotten....until your attention is again focused on this problem by an equally revolting crime. Then what...?

It will be said by that very same public that I have had the unmitigated gall to call stupid that the more prison experience a man has the more disgusting and revolting he is and the less they have to do with him the better. True indeed! But it is not true to say that all men behind prison walls are savages. Neither is it fair or intelligent to say that "they are all alike", for the man that claims they are is resorting to a stupid conclusion because he finds this generic classification easier to arrive at than thinking the matter through. A common denominator is a disgusting level to be forced to for the majority of men behind prison walls.

Yes, only a few days have elapsed since "you blew your top" and you have forgotten already. Only those who were more or less intimately concerned with the crime remember...the little girl. ...her family...the man who committed the crime.

It only remains that a judge settle a number of years in the penitentiary on that mental midget that committed the crime. You don't want him.....neither do we.

@ @

----- 0 -----  
Young Husband: "I suppose you'll threaten to go home to your mother?"

Wife: "I'll do nothing so foolish dear, I'm going to invite her here."

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VOL. 2  
NO. 5

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(Cover design by G. Enns)



The inane soap-box spoutings of self-appointed penal experts as they are printed in newspapers are disgusting.

---

# WHAT PRICE BREAD AND WATER

By Sidney S. Smith.

-----

I was reading the November 15th. issue of the Fort William Times-Journal and I ran smack into an editorial from the Chatham News.

In this editorial, some self-appointed authority on prison menus and prison discipline, has

offered a suggestion for the cure of prison riots. Seemingly after spending very little thought on the subject(judging by the remedy suggested) this writer has come up with a cure. Namely, bread and water. To top this off it was stated that this apparently was the best old fashioned cure. I must assume from this that the writer is living about fifty years ahead of everyone else, for bread and water is still the old standby along with other forms of punishment for those who break prison rules.

The writer of this editorial stated, and I quote, "Among the reasons given for the Ohio State Penitentiary revolt recently, was that too much ham was served on the prison menu!" unquote.

It is not my intention in this article to attempt to defend anyone in particular but it surely is my intention to try to enlighten some of these people who grasp at any straw in their feeble attempts to get their inane ideas into newsprint.

The writer even went so far as to reprint several menus from one prison in particular, and on paper I'll be the first to admit



that it looks good enough to eat.

Now let's get down to brass tacks. Meals are not the main reason for prison riots. They may be the individual cause of them, simply because a man will build a pyramid of personal grievances, either fancied or real and when this cauldron of hate has bubbled and boiled enough, it will boil over. This generally happens at meal times regardless of whether you've been getting too much ham or too much chicken OR TOO MUCH BREAD AND WATER.

When a man is sentenced to prison he knows that he is being deprived of certain privileges and naturally his liberty. The average inmate of these institutions accepts these conditions after a matter of time. Some sooner than others. Apparently we are different than other people in so much as we land in these places. An effort must be made to attempt to remedy our shortcomings. A lot of us are trying to do that. Some are more successful than others. The writer of the editorial stated that we do nothing but strive for an opportunity to escape. He insinuated that the meals are too good for people who do nothing but sit around planning an opportunity to "crash" out.

Even an animal will attempt to get out of its cage. Is it strange that a human who finds himself facing a goodly number of years in prison will take advantage of any opportunity he has, to leave? I challenge the author of the aforementioned editorial to put himself in the shoes of a long-term prisoner and not do the same. Especially if he is fed the same bread and water he so gener-

ously advocates for us.

In all the Federal prisons in Canada progress has been made in Penal Reform, the changes for the better over the past five years have been terrific. But, will the "Voice from Chatham" please note that the riots he mentioned were in Provincial establishments and in the case of Ohio, a State Penitentiary. It must then be obvious that conditions in Canadian Federal Penitentiaries are better than those in the Provincial Jails. Are men serving less than two years not considered worthy of redemption? Must they be forced to riot to attract attention to their sorry plight?

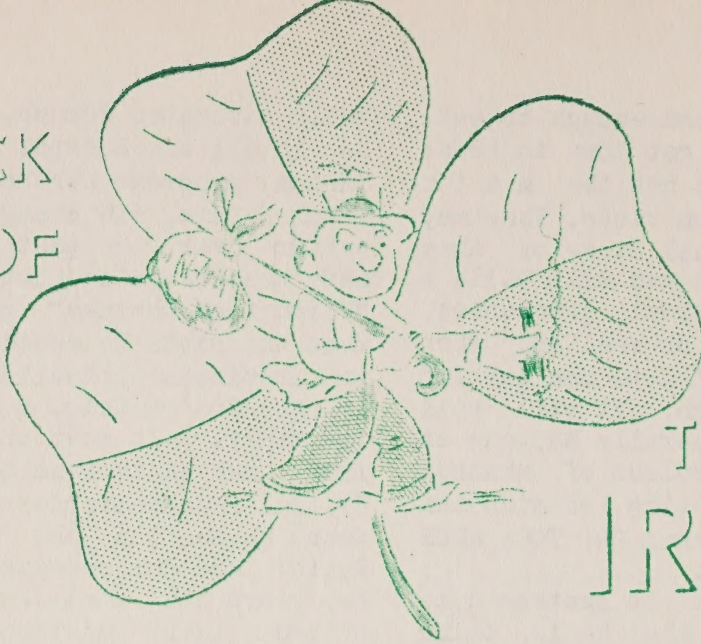
The writer innocently and unknown to himself, hit the nail right on the head with the statement: "Men who do nothing but sit around are beefing about the meals." There, my friend, you have one of the biggest reasons for prison riots. Here are some other reasons: Overcrowding of prisons with twice the number of men they are built to hold; old style bull-ring exercise periods with men walking around in a circle still brooding. Calculated brutality by a low-mentality type of officer.

Strange as it may seem to our friend in Chatham, most of the men who are authorities on penology, have all reached the same conclusion. It is this: Provide a substitute for brooding idleness in any institution and if possible, more than one substitute. That is why there are such things as hobby programs, sport programs etc. Not only have the authorities in Canadian Penitentiaries put

(Con't. on page 16 )



# LUCK OF



# THE IRISH

By S. Severson

Trying Pan Murphy and myself finish a tour of the one horse towns in North Dakota where we have considerable good fortune harvesting the harvesters. And although we do not make big dough we wind up with a few leaves of lettuce and are heading for Minot to indulge in a session of wine, women and song with not too much accent on the song.

We board the through freight and lie sprawled out on a flat car. The sun shines down on our kissers, the birds sing and the grass is green. All in all it's a perfect day. Murph, who is something of a poet and philosopher and usually spouts bawdy ballads at the drop of a hat, is, for a change, quiet. Then he suddenly spoils the whole day by saying:

"I wonder if, by chance, that lousy, rough and tough Irish railroad copper will be on hand to greet us when this drag pulls in to Minot?"

I do not answer, but the plea-

sant thought of our arrival in the city is marred somewhat by my mental picture of a most obnoxious nature. For this particular railroad bull is indeed a most unfriendly character. Hoboes know him far and wide as the meanest of the mean, a man who lives solely for the purpose of breaking tough hickory clubs over the heads of 'boes. Not only that, he is also very handy with a smoke pole and has on occasions been known to unlimber at great speed and fire with accuracy. This with little or no provocation. And on such occasions it is rumored that any questions asked were postponed till after the shooting and were taken down in writing at a corner's inquest. I, naturally, look forward with interest to not meeting this guardian of the railroad right of way.

The train rolls into the yard too fast for us to unload with safety. We peer along the sides of the box cars to spot any un-



welcoming committee which may be on hand to greet us but all seems clear. I relax and figure the big Irish clown is elsewhere occupied when a gruff voice richly laden with the brogue of the "auld sod" unmusically says:

"Alright yez bums! Stay where you are and don't be moving a muscle or you'll never be moving again."

It's our nemesis and he punctuates his command with a cannon a yard long. It is pointed steadily at us and I stealthily move my head to get a good look. The hole in the barrel is big enough for a man to crawl down---or so it seems to me. Needless to say, we do not move. In fact we hardly breathe.

The flatfoot, it seems, is wised up to the fact that the boys riding drags into Minot unload before the train slows as they have found a face full of cinders is better than a face full of knuckles. To prevent these early departures the clown cops a sneak by catching the caboose at the first stop out of town and rides the train. This proves most convenient as he then slips along the tops of the cars and nails freeloaders. He has us dead to rights. We are a "Joe Lynch" for six in the county can plus a few lumps and bumps before we arrive at the pokey.

I do not try to talk my way out of the beef as I figure it would be easier to con a coiled rattlesnake into not striking. I also do not speak very good English at the time as I recently arrive from Oslo, Norway.

I glance at Murphy, expecting to note a pained expression on

his kisser but instead he seems cheerful. I make a mental note that as he seems to enjoy the situation I am afraid we will have to part company as soon as we finish the bit we are sure to get, for I do not intend to travel with a character who does not realize the gravity of a serious situation. Psychologists have a name for such guys. But Murph smiles and speaks to the bull.

"Shure officer and it's a beautiful day with the birds singing and the grass so green and all. Ti's the auld sod of Killarney I'm thinking of when I see the green. We were on our way to be visiting me poor old mother who only a year ago sailed from the old country to spend her last few years with her son, when you placed us under arrest. Shure officer ye wouldn't be breaking me mothers' heart by taking us to jail, would ye now?"

"That I wouldn't lad," replies the clown, who it appears may even have a heart.

"Killarney did ye say? Hm, On your way laddie. Ti's sorry I am to troubling an honest lad like yourself. There's a lot of bad ones travelling freights these days but I can tell you are not one."

He then turns to me and says, in a manner not unfriendly;

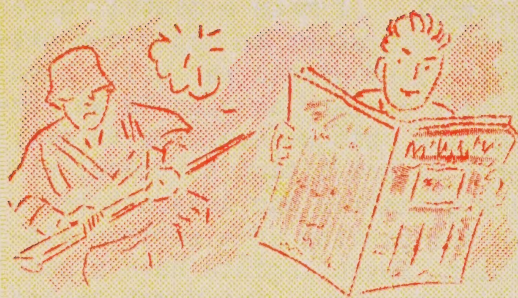
"What's your name and what part of the old country are you from?"

I hesitate, think fast, and answer,

"My name bane O'Severson and aye come from Cork County."

With that he hits me on the head with his shillilagh and lugs me off to jail.                   @@





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IN

## RETROSPECT.

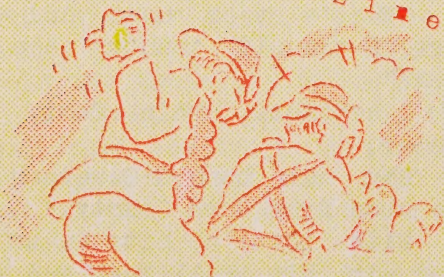
By R. Belloff

Queen Elizabeth "IKE"

SPORTS

DAY

Canteen Magazine



There is nothing new except  
what is forgotten.

The penitentiary inmate today is as well posted on current events as is the man on the street. Uncensored newscasts, daily newspapers and current magazines and books keep him well informed. This is in direct contrast to the old system of attempting to chain the mind as well as the body of prisoners.

The new policy of enlightenment pays off, men leaving prison now do not find the step to freedom as abrupt and difficult as before and are therefore more easily able to readjust.

Looking back over the past year we find that 1952 has brought to us news of importance, some good, some bad. We note that world conditions in general have been far from good and that, although we hope for betterment, the prospects for improvement are not overly bright.

The war in Korea naturally ranks high in news interest as it is there that a brigade of Canadians are helping to fight the so called cold war. The only cold part seems to be the dough boys who are dug in for a long, tough, cold Korean winter spent in trenches, reminiscent of the trench warfare of the first world war. And while newspapers and radio broadcasts blow hot and cold regarding an armistice, the fighting



men pray for peace and wait for 1953 and what it may bring--- peace or atom bombs. But while Korea is the most mentioned battlefront, Malaya, Indo China, and North Africa have contributed a fair share of fighting during 1952. And from any one of these countries could come the spark which might touch off a world war. Yes, the cold war, which has not ceased since the defeat of Germany and Japan, is becoming warmer and is feeding the furnaces (or vice-versa) of arms and ammunition barons. Can we dare hope for a better outlook in 1953?

Behind the "Iron Curtain", 'Joe Mustache' and satellites also have troubles. Mock trials and hangings follow purge after purge. Unlike our country where unwanted politicians are promoted to senator or pensioned off, the Iron Curtain boys believe in demotions ---via the scaffold.

Early in 1952, the people of the British Commonwealth were saddened by the sudden death of King George VI. Following his demise, Princess Elizabeth as the heir presumptive assumed the duties of Queen and as such will be crowned Elizabeth II in June of 1953. The inmates of this and other institutions, look forward to the coronation with keen interest and hope that in the general rejoicing they will not be forgotten.

The general prosperity of Canadians has reached an all time high during 1952. So have taxes. And the future indicates they will both be higher in 1953.

On the political scene, the results of several by-elections indicate the people are swinging away from the trend followed for

the past twenty years. And if the Currie report digs deeper, the swing may even be wider.

Our neighbors to the south, during the past year, after a hard fought election featuring much mud slinging, elected a new President. General Dwight Eisenhower received a vast majority of votes over his opponent Adlai Stevenson. It now remains to be seen if Mr. Eisenhower will live up to pre-election pledges passed out freely along with the "I Like Ike" buttons.

In our cramped world behind bars, quite a number of changes have made the news during 1952. One of the foremost was the inauguration of a yard canteen wherein we may purchase a limited quantity of ice cream, fruit and soft drinks during the summer weekends. This does much to brighten the holidays and make more enjoyable the weekend ball games. We are grateful to, and appreciative of, our All-Star team which played twenty games against outside teams and came up with the impressive record of sixteen wins, three losses and one tie. But more important than the number of games won or lost was the spirit in which they were played. The good sportsmanship displayed, won for us many friends and much good will and we hope and trust that 1953 will see this spirit continued and even extended.

Our second annual July 1st. Sports Day went over with a bang and is eagerly anticipated this year. To all who contributed to its success, the committee in charge, the donors of prizes and the participants, we owe a vote of thanks.

(Con't. next page)



Our prison magazine is also growing. The subscription list is slowly gaining in numbers and we anticipate bigger and better issues for 1953 when the long promised printing press "comes to light" along with the elusive, absent typewriter. Two members, Buck Ryan and Gordie Thompson, left us last year, and their ability and devotedness to duty is sadly missed. However, our loss is their gain and our best wishes

accompany them during 1953.

Time of course is the big news in prison. We count it in months, or years from our date of sentence and underline the date of release. We look forward to that day---the big day---when we will walk through the gates to resume the status of citizens of a free society. Let us hope that those who leave in 1953 may never return, while those who remain may gain fortitude and tolerance.

@ @

## A LETTER

STONY MOUNTAIN, Man.,  
26 December 1952.

The Editor,  
Stony Mountain Echoes.

Dear Sir:

May, I through the medium of your publication, and on behalf of Billy McKeown, thank all concerned for your kind invitation to him to attend your christmas concert?

His pleasure was so evident at the time, I do not think it necessary for me to attempt to express his joy at being able to participate in the concert and in assisting Santa Claus distribute the presents to your young guests from St. Joseph's Vocational School.

The picture you gave him was immediately hung in his bedroom and the knife is in continuous use.

Thanks again and on behalf of Billy I wish each and every one a brighter and happier New Year.

Yours very truly,

E. McKeown.





# Christmas Concert



Children from St. Joseph's Vocational School were welcomed guests at a Christmas concert presented by the inmates.

The kids received various gifts from Santa Claus, who reigned supreme in front of a huge Christmas tree which decorated the stage.

Billy McKeown well known by all the inmates received the gift he had asked for during last year's field day. He is a pleasant little fellow and graciously consented to sing Christmas Carols for the fellows.

Carols were blended in harmony by the boys from St. Joseph's. It was very pleasant to hear the kids sing. Father Bedford spoke on behalf of the boys and offered

thanks for the gifts and concert.

Eugene Tremblay was Master of Ceremonies for the event. The entertainers were Nolan who sang and played the guitar. Kirk who tap-danced, Ken Cain and Tony Negrich entertained by their violin playing. Hachey played the guitar and contributed to the cause with vocal solos.

Harmonicist, Bevan played various musical selections. Latour, who also played the harmonica, sang songs in both French and English. Mahinko and his accordion soloed with old-time ballads.

It was the first attempt at producing a concert and the fellows tried hard. They deserve a world of praise for their efforts.

---

She: "Who do you think you are, Father Christmas?"

He: "No, why?"

She: "Then leave my stockings alone."

# POLICE

# "2U"

NORMAN

plete surprise to the inmate population. A few boos were mixed with the applause when this announcement was made. However, the applause won by a majority over the razzberries and even those in the minority agreed that it was a good show.

-----

On Thursday, December 17th. The Winnipeg Police Force led by Inspector John Reeves and Det. James Ayres invaded the gates of Stony Mountain. By 3:00 p.m. the situation was well in hand. They succeeded in moving the prison population to the Protestant Chapel, and for two hours kept them under reasonable control.

A few years ago the above paragraph would have rated grave concern from prison officials and law enforcing agencies. Happily, times have changed and with them the penal system.

Instead of arriving at the penitentiary with an arsenal of weapons to subdue rioting prisoners the police came with a battery of musicians, comedians, etc., to entertain the prisoners.

The fact that this concert was sponsored by the Winnipeg Police Association came as a com-

Master of Ceremonies for the show, Les Garside, was introduced by the Protestant Chaplain, Rev. McNeill. He handled the M.C. duties in a very professional manner and soon had the audience in a receptive mood.

Bill Walker of Radio Station C.K.R.C. had the hall rocking with laughter with his impersonations of well known characters of the political and sports scene. His comedy skit of a Danish immigrant with a new set up for the English language caused an uproar.

Scotch comedian, Sandy Phimister made his appearance in appropriate garb and proceeded to keep everybody in stitches with his drunken Scotsman act and various comical highland songs. Vocalist and comedian, Ralph Gerry who has



# ELL" CONS

HANLON

his own programme on C.K.Y., joked and sang his way into the hearts of everybody present.

Harold Green and his orchestra kept the joint jumping with their diversified style of playing.

The trumpet playing of Charlie Cruickshank will linger long in our thoughts. His trumpeting of St. Louis Blues was really something.

Saxaphonist, Al Sprintz with the soulful eyes gained the admiration of the entire audience. He sure can make that sax plead.

Pete Couture with his violin tricks, polkas and hoedown music had many feet stomping.

In beautiful renditions of semi-classics, baritone, Ken Wilson, gave us a rare treat. Monte Levine and his electric guitar accompanied the various singers and instrumentalists and his playing ability is of high order.

Usually the police are only concerned with the arrest of the persons who are serving time in the prisons of the country. The



Winnipeg Police (to our knowledge) are the only police department who have been responsible for presenting a musical comedy show for the benefit of a prison population.

Very rarely, if ever, have prisoners had the occasion to welcome the arrival of the police, this is one instant which is an exception.

To the Winnipeg Police Association who were represented by Inspector John Reeves and Det. James Ayres and to the performers we extend our sincere thanks! We certainly will be looking forward to a return visit.

The Winnipeg Electric Company furnished the transportation of the various entertainers from Winnipeg and to them also we are indebted. @ @



By S. Severson

In spite of the fact that punishment has proven ineffective as a deterrent to crime, and does, in fact, have an opposite effect, there still exists, among citizens today, a hard core or resistance to penal reform. True, this group is a minority, but they often create havoc by being the most vociferous. To them can usually be attributed the newspaper editorials and letters to the editors strongly condemning humane treatment of prisoners. These write-ups, bigotted though they be, do not hasten the progress of reform.

A second and similar obstacle to enlightenment is the yellow page type of newspaper reporting. Such sensationalism is thankfully not overly prevalent in Canada, but even an occasional article of a derogatory nature, if not based on fact---which they usually are not---is read and believed by many people who have for years conditioned themselves to picture a convict as wearing horns.

But probably more harmful than the two above-mentioned groups are the vast number of citizens whose apathetic attitude toward

this ever important social obligation impedes progress more so than the bigot who takes pen in hand and proclaims his views in print.

Re-education seems to be the answer to those who oppose penal reform just as it is the answer to reforming the prisoner. And, when the tax-payer can be taught that such double barreled education pays off in tax dollars saved and human lives salvaged, the question of opposition or apathy will disappear.

During the past four years a program has been in effect for the re-education of Penitentiary inmates. The results, on the whole, have shown that humane treatment is a weapon in the war against recidivism. More men are amiable to rehabilitation when released than was the case under the old punitive system. This attitude change on the part of the prisoner points the way for further reform steps.

It is not my intention to paint the con as lily white; a poor unfortunate who is misunderstood by the world at large, nor do I wish to portray a Canadian



Penitentiary as a rest home for social outcasts operated for the purpose of catering to its guests. Neither statement could be further from the truth; as a prisoner is no more nor less than a man who, because of complex factors fails to conform to the rules of society, whereas the penitentiary still remains the grim, drab, community wherein the non-conformist is isolated for the duration of the court imposed term. I might add that in spite of betterment, it is a far cry from a rest home; the walls are not of glass and the bars are not of rock candy. And although the duty of the penitentiary is to keep imprisoned men sentenced by the courts, its predominant duty is to return its occupants to civvy street in a frame of mind conducive to rehabilitation. This can be done only if treatment is such as to

not cause him to be embittered.

It would be well if more people realized that the imposition of a prison sentence does not transform a man into an ogre. On the other hand, overly harsh discipline can, and does help make this transformation possible.

It is also well to remember that the passing out into a free world of he who has paid his debt with years does not automatically transform him from convict to good citizen. Parole can help do this, but as yet we lack a parole set-up. But with or without parole the future of the ex-con will be governed to a great extent by the manner in which he was treated during the years between sentence and release. It may very well decide whether he will again return to prison or fill an accepted niche in society.

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## A P P R E C I A T I O N

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By The Radio Room Operator

On behalf of the men of this Institution, I'd like to express sincere thanks to Mr. Pat Lyons, of National Radex for the records he supplies for our listening entertainment each week-end. Due to our meager supply we rely on these kind donations. It is also fitting at this time to express thanks to Radio Station C.B.W. of Winnipeg who have kindly donated records to our Library.

We might add that if any of our readers wish to donate records to us, they may do so by sending them c/o Warden, P.O. Box 101, Stony Mountain, Manitoba. You may rest assured that they will be appreciated greatly:

(BREAD and WATER, Con't.)

this into effect, but the inmates in these institutions are learning a lesson in initiative by organizing their own recreational programs. They are doing a pretty good job at that. Men who can do so, just do not jump into a mass riot without an accumulation of reasons. The Chatham writer has pictured us as a snarling mass of semi-humans who sulk around sawing bars or scaling walls and in our spare time tossing the food back into the steward's face.

You know Chatham, there are some pretty decent guys at heart in these places. The Red Cross can vouch to the response to their appeal for blood donors by men in these institutions. Men are working overtime and donating from their own meager funds to provide under-privileged children with a little better Christmas. What are you doing? Advocating bread and water?

We don't advocate riots, all we ask is reasonable response to legitimate complaints.

If your wife cooked you a meal which you didn't like and you complained (which I'm sure you would) your wife would cook another meal if your complaint

was reasonable. But if your wife was unreasonable, she'd probably crown you with a tea pot and I hope it's a big pot.

Meals as printed on paper always look good. However, just remember this, food can be of the best quality either on paper or in the kitchen but after it has been manhandled by a bunch of incompetents the results are possible reasons for dissatisfaction, even riots. Bread and water is a poor substitute for incompetency. You are worrying about the taxpayer's money. You have a point. However, in the final analysis, do you honestly feel that your diet of bread and water will save money? Think it over.

Apparently your hopes for us are nil. The best you can wish on us is bread and water. We'll go you one better. Our wish for you is a little bigger. We hope that sooner or later you'll be able to write something encouraging about us. I'll admit that there's not too many reasons to cheer for us. Possibly if you forgot about your newspaper aspirations you'll have time to think it over. @@

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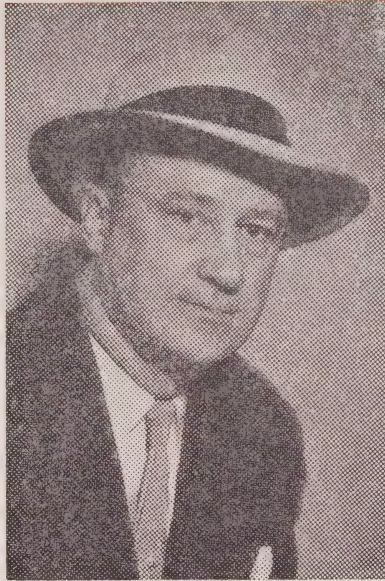
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We enact many laws that manufacture criminals, and then  
a few that punish them.

Tucker--Instead of a book!



# HE'S A RIGHT GUY IN OUR BOOK



Mr Alex Turk a Winnipeg sportsman, fight promoter and businessman has the dubious distinction of being known as a right guy especially among the sporting circle behind these prison walls. In prison parlance this is the equivalent of being recognized as a solid citizen who is more than just interested in the welfare of his fellow man on the outside. We on the 'inside' measure a man not by how much he is worth or how much he can give but by his recognizance of us as human beings.

Alex has and is waging a one man war against crime by being ever more interested in furthering the prison sports program. Ever since the sport program entered into the scheme of things behind these walls Alex has been solidly behind us. He donated sporting equipment of all descriptions; arranged to have 'outside' teams meet our local teams in baseball and hockey; brought in

and staged whole fight cards at his own expense; done an incalculable amount of good in convincing doubting Thomases that we weren't so bad as we were painted; brought other Winnipeg Sport enthusiasts into the prison to see for themselves; donated the uniforms of his now defunct Winnipeg Giants to dress up

our all-star team and even sold subscriptions to our Mountain Echoes. What can you say to say thanks to a guy like that? All I can say is that society should be proud that they have such a fine representative.

Above all Alex has that fine quality that makes everyone like him. He's not a stuffed shirt and he hasn't got an 'angle'.

Again I must repeat that Alex Turk has won the admiration and respect of the inmates of this institution for his fight to help us to win the battle for a new way of life.

# TINY BITS

By Rover

Yours truly, an artist of world-wide renown, was busy with a masterpiece which we had hoped to sell for some umpteen dollars.

Normie H. always one to give an encouraging pat to any talented craftsman, stopped at our studio just as we were putting the finishing touches to our painting. "Well," I remarked, casually. "There it is---one of my best---I've just finished."

He nodded his head and looked at it from many different angles.

Continuing the conversation, I said. "When I started out I had no idea what it was going to be."

Normie contemplating for a moment, looked at me, then at the picture and back to me again.

"After you got through," he asked. "How did you find out what it was?"

(Not only did he have the audacity to say this but boosted my art to such great heights, that I lost a sale.)

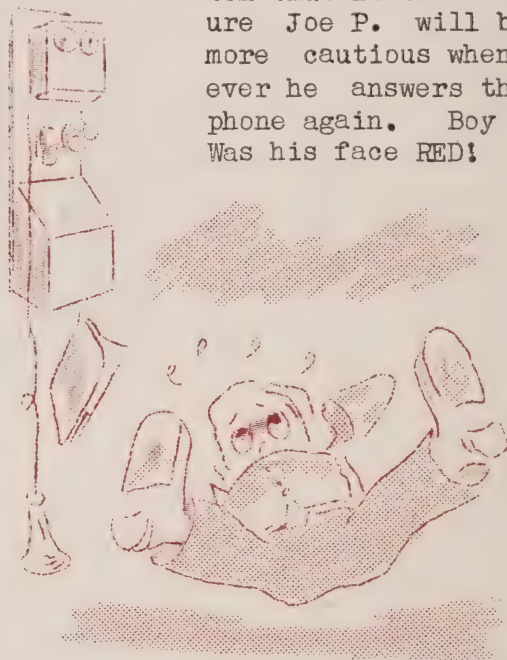
Pacey tried to put on an apron the other day and as he slipped it over his head the apron strings got hooked around his ears. "How is a man suppose to wear it like this?" he commented. "It ain't stylish at all!"

(All we can add to that is that we agree with him.)

ATTENTION: BEACON! I give UP! But with the size of sardines as your illustration depicted, I

am at a loss as to why you would want mustard on that! Besides there are bigger fish in the ocean.

One will get you ten that in the future Joe P. will be more cautious whenever he answers the phone again. Boy! Was his face RED!



One of our hockey players who wanted to go down to play in the "B" League was told by one of the coaches that he was a dirty player.

"What do you mean dirty?" exclaimed the indignant player.

"Now don't get me wrong," replied the coach, soothingly. "I don't mean that you're dirty on the ice. It's just that you don't wash!"



The "Old Man Of The Yankees" received Ginger's Xmas card and wishes to return the greetings. He also says that his baseball predictions for 1953 is: "The Yankees all the way!"

There is a gent around here known from coast to coast because of the (hmmm) diminutive size of his proboscis. Mail arriving at this institution addressed to a 'Mr. Nose' has been automatically turned over to him.

General George Powers took an I.Q. test the other day and past with one-hundred per-cent. All questions were answered correctly and instantly.

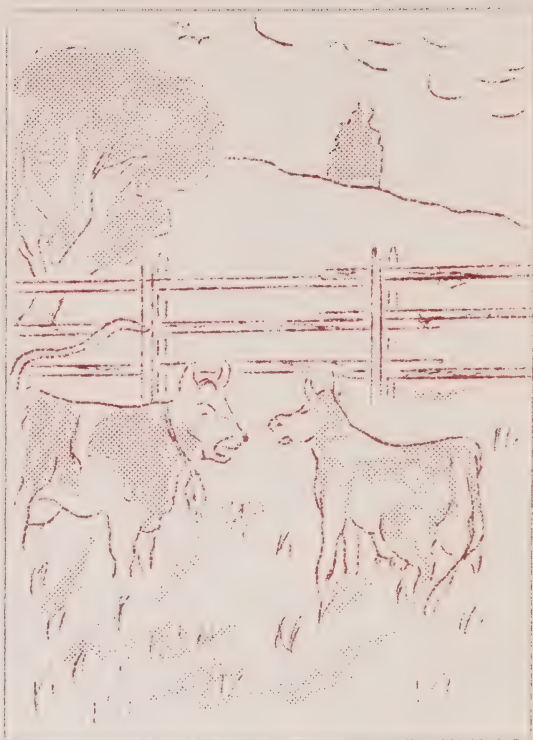
A con, holding a bowl of soup in his hand walked up to Frank S. the cook and asked."What's this?"  
 "It's bean soup," replied Frank.

"I know it's been. What is it now?"

(You can't win, Frank.)

We've been watching Steve Bolonchuk and Dudley Perkins, both hockey coaches, jockeying their teams to get a winner.....Saw Fika and Kahut playing their smashing games.....Sammy Grande a very modest person, commented when asked about his three shut-out performances in the nets, "It's the team in front of me."

G U E S S      W H O ? ?



I don't care what you say....I still say that's a lot of bull.



Pst! Hey bub! Who'ja get your stuff from?



# BLUE LINE BANTER

By Norman Hanlon

Saturday, Dec. 27th. saw the "B" League teams swing into action. The first game of a twin-bill ended with the Rockets the winner.

Corney scored the initial goal for the Tigers, McKay assisted. First period ended 1-0 for Tigers.

Lexier scored early in the last period for the Rockets. Sammy Zadorozny was the play-maker.

The game was hard fought and up till the dying moments the issue was in doubt. Ramage broke up the game with the tie-breaking score with one minute and 38 seconds left. Lexier assisted. Thus giving the Rockets the victory. Steve Bolonchuk played a strong game on defense for the Rockets. Ramage was the outstanding player on the ice. McIvor played well, also Stanger for the Tigers.

Goals: Corney, Lexier, Ramage. Assists: McKay, Zadorozny, Lexier.

The second game between the Royals and Beavers ended in a two all tie. Popowich scored the first goal for the Beavers unassisted. Blacklock notched the second counter to put the Beavers ahead by a 2-0 score. First period bell rang with the Royals unable to dent the twine.

Last period witnessed an up-

surge by the Royals. Armand Proulx started the ball rolling by scoring early in the last period. Nolan unassisted, rang the bell for the Royals second goal to even the count.

The game ended in a two all tie, although both teams had numerous opportunities to forge ahead but stellar goal-tending held them at bay. Stars for the Royals were: Nolan, Morrisette, Proulx.

For the Beavers: Popowich, Blacklock, Hawkins. Goals: Blacklock, Popowich, Proulx. Nolan.

Assists: Michell.

## REFREE SCHOOL

Joe Vinet has paid us another visit and this time he brought Lorne Lynden with him. Lorne is a well known referee in Winnipeg. He has officiated at numerous Memorial Cup games and has been a top-notch arbiter for a number of years.

Lorne described some of the situations he has had to cope with during his duties and some of them were very humorous.

We sincerely thank Joe and Lorne for taking time out to visit us. We hope our referees will benefit from their teachings.





# BLUE LINE BANTER

By Norman Hanlon

Sunday, Dec. 28th. The "A" League opened up with a roar. Monarchs teed off with the Hawks. The Monarchs were dethroned to the tune of a 4-2 defeat.

Monarchs, although outscored in the first period were by no means outplayed and only exceptional goal-tending by the Hawks goaler kept them off the score sheet.

Welburn tallied the first goal unassisted followed by Hunt with Welburn, Raccio aiding. That ended the first period scoring.

Last period, Hunt scored his second goal to make the score 3-0 for the Hawks. Monarchs turned on the pressure and Primeau scored.

They were still maintaining the power play when Raccio aided by Welburn and Hunt scored the Hawks fourth goal. Monarchs came right back with a goal by Stubbs.

The game ended with the Monarchs really pressing.

Stars for the Hawks were: Ceretti on defense. Larry Sherbuck in goal and Hunt, Welburn and Raccio. Monarchs were well represented on the ice in the persons of Chiplick, Stubbs, Primeau, Cote, Collinson.

Goals: Hunt (2), Welburn, Raccio, Stubbs, Primeau.

Assists: Welburn (2) Raccio, Hunt, Stubbs.

Bombers and Red Wings opposed each other in the second half of the twin bill. The Bombers came out on top by a 4-0 score.

The game started off at a fast pace with the Bombers getting the first goal. No further goals were scored in the first period. Crossman was the marksman unassisted.

The final period saw the Bombers increase their lead on goals by Kogocik, Thomas and Bird.

Sammy (Mr. Zero) Grande registered his fourth successive shut-out, one in league play and three in exhibition games. All the Bombers played well and it is a tough task to pick anybody as a star as they were all stars. Bird, Crossman, Karchesky, Benning, Grande and Kelly played exceptionally good hockey.

For the Red Wings, Ruck, Pilon, Creed, La Frenier, Buddy F. played well in a losing cause.

Goals: Crossman, Kogocik, Thomas, Bird.

Assists: Karchesky (3), Germaine.

The inmate population are indebted to Ruck and his partner Oakie for their efforts in constructing the rink and for the fine ice surface. They are out in all kinds of weather and have certainly done a fine job.

# THINGS I D LIKE TO SEE

"Pancho" McIvor  
when he isn't asking  
for "My Son Calls  
Another Man Daddy".

---

The players' box  
that will hold Coach  
"Tubby" Perkins AND  
his team.

---

Rover find what  
ever he is looking  
for, then he can quit  
snooping.

---

Some one buying  
the two "Blimps", Pete and Eddie  
a Pepsi, instead of bumming them  
for one.

---

New Years wishes all come true  
No matter where you be,  
That what you missed in '52,  
You'll get in '53.

---

The person who is responsible  
for the "Mashed Figs" be made to  
eat a barrel of them.

The Chicago Black  
Hawks show Lind-  
say and Howe that  
they j u s t aren't  
Able.

---

Someone m a k e  
"Chef" Pacey wear  
earmuffs while he's  
cooking flap-jacks.  
People keep pouring  
syrup on his ears.

---

The authorities  
realize that there  
a r e other people  
we'd like to express  
the Christmas sentiment to, be-  
sides our relatives.

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Prison Psychiatrists realize  
that the time to treat a man is  
while he is serving his time.

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An answer of some kind from  
the Commissioner, Re: the article  
in a previous edition of the Echo  
on Relaxation of Letter Writing  
Restrictions.

:::    :::    :::    :::    :::    :::    :::    :::  
:::    :::    :::    :::    :::    :::    :::    :::

Mother: "Son, I don't want to see you going around with that wild  
girl anymore."  
Son: "Heck, mom, she ain't wild, anybody can pet her."



# CLOUD SEVENTEEN

Far up in the Purple Skies it Floated in Serene Majesty,  
Compellingly Lovely, Irresistible, Always just Beyond  
Reach of His Fingertips.

By P.L. Cadelle.  
SHADOWS, Salem, Oregon.

Cokey stood in the shadows across the street from his mark and watched the big cop. There was a call-box on the corner but the cop seemed in no hurry to call in. He stood in the entrance-way of the Wholesale Drug Company, well out of the wet drizzle of rain, and looked back along the dark street he had just traversed.

Cokey watched the cop and cursed bitterly under his breath. "Make your call, ya big clown!" he whispered, "Go on---make your call and then get your coffee an' smoke like ya always do. GO ON! Any other night---" As if in answer to a telepathic message from Cokey the cop moved toward the call-box, his big body in the black, glistening raincoat looming grotesquely huge in the flickering light of the street lamp. He inserted a key in the box, swung

the door open and lifted the receiver.

It was very quiet, except for the soft patter of the rain, and Cokey heard the cop's words which were the same this night as they had been on many nights when Cokey had watched them from the thick shadows.

"Murphy, shield thirty-four, box eleven," the cop said. A moment later the door of the box clanged shut and the cop walked back to the entrance of the drug company. He stepped in out of the rain and looked up and down both sides of the deserted, silent street.

Across the street Cokey grimaced like a monkey at the cop and made sharp, repelling gestures with his thinly gloved hands. He melted into the darker shadows of the doorway and his slender body

grew suddenly taut as the lights winked on the third floor of the drug company. With his teeth bared and his ivory-white face working tensely he shouted inaudibly. "Blow, ya big ape! Go on, BEAT IT! Coffee! Coffee! Can't ya smell it? Go get it---it'll warm ya up. It's cold out---cold an' wet---coffee'll warm ya up---coffee an' a cigarette---YOU damn stupid copp-er!"

The cop stood immobile, his head turned at an oblique angle as he steadily surveyed the dark street.

Cokey began to swear silently and steadily, using the same short, blasphemous expression over and over as he stared with his alert, abnormally bright eyes first at the cop then at the fourth floor of the drug company.

He stopped swearing as a bright blaze of light illuminated the fourth floor. "Quiet and quick!" Cokey formed the words soundlessly with his whole face, the muscles of his mouth, jaws, cheeks and forehead very active as he gave an elaborate fullness to the vowels. "A mouseful of lightning it's gotta be," he whispered. "Cops are dynamite."

He took a step forward in the darkness, hesitated, stopped, took off his gloves and extracted a tiny paper packet from a corner of his shirt collar. With practiced touch he tore the packet open in the darkness, held it inverted between the thumb and middle finger of his right hand and tapped the top edge gently with his right forefinger. A soft white powder drifted out of the packet and formed a small pyramid on his left thumb-nail. With his

left hand steady as a rock before him Cokey tilted his head back and laughed softly. He whispered, "Ready me," putting an extraordinarily heavy stress on both words and with his lips parted slightly he brought the powder to his nostrils and sniffed deeply, his chest and stomach muscles working spasmodically with the effort.

Cokey's bright eyes swept upward toward the darkened sky, saw a gigantic, flaming comet go rocketing across the heavens, curve upward, diving high into the zenith, and burst into vivid, brilliant flame. Orange, green, yellow and pink the flame was and standing on tiptoe Cokey reached up and brought fingerful of the vaporous nectar down to earth and inhaled its strange delight. Transformed and formless he went winging to the sublime heights---Up, up---past the golden sun and the pale, shimmering moon---past Venus and Mars and Jupiter and Mercury---Higher and higher still, past Uranus, Saturn and Neptune---Up, up, up, higher and higher and higher and there, suddenly, it was. Beautiful and coral pink it lay invitingly in the midst of the purple heavens---serene, remote and lovely. It was Cloud Seventeen, and Cokey smiled at his desire.

But it was beyond his touch and Cokey could go no further. A slender silver cord, extending from Cokey down to the earth, had checked his ethereal flight and the pink cloud was sailing away---beyond the reach of his outstretched, pleading hands. Swiftly it sailed away and vanished in the dark, cavernous mouth of an enormous steel vault. A heavy door



closed behind it with a muffled thud and locked with a series of soft clicking sounds as a shining metal disk on the outer surface spun round and round. A huge policeman took a stand before the door of the vault and Cokey put his gloves on.

He slipped out of the doorway, edged along the side of the building until he was out of sight of the cop and ran silently across the street. Keeping close to the side of the drug building he ran to the corner and peered around it with one of his intent, bright eyes. The cop was still standing there. Cokey withdrew his head, slipped a small glass vial from his watch pocket and placed it carefully on the sidewalk. He tugged a long handled blackjack and a powerful flashlight from his pockets and stepped around the corner and beat the cop half to death. All the cop saw was a dark shadow and a bright flash of light and then Cokey was on top of him and raining merciless, deadly blows on the cop's temples and ears. The cop fell face down in the entranceway and Cokey rolled him over, straddled his chest and beat him methodically in the face. He brought the blackjack down twice and broke the cop's nose in two places. Twice more and the cop's mouth was a broken, bleeding mess. Cokey sat back, raised his heavy eyebrows in mock surprise and made a round 'O' with his mouth. "Ya didn't see me, didja, copper?" He whispered soundlessly. "The light blinded ya, didn't it, copper?" He took the cop by the ears, lifted the inert, bleeding head and banged it down hard against the concrete.

He stood up, and leaving the

cop sprawled in the entranceway, stepped to a front window and pulled himself up onto the deep casement. Standing on tiptoe he reached out, grasped a rung of the fire-escape and with incredible speed climbed six stories to the roof, pausing briefly at the fifth floor until the lights blazed on within. On the roof he walked to the back of the building and carefully traced the insulated wiring that converged there. Selecting two wires he cut away the insulation with a pocket knife and connected the bared spots with a length of heavy, coated copper wire which he took from his coat pocket. Straightening up, he whistled a bar of "The Old Gray Mare" and, without apparent reason, walked along the six

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A girl who tries to talk her boyfriend into buying her a dress shouldn't mind too much if he tried to talk her out of it.

---

inch roof coping where a misstep could mean a sheer, six story drop, to the front of the building and the fire escape. He went down to the sixth floor, waited until a flood of light gushed out onto the landing, then descended to the fifth floor and kicked in the glass window. Almost before the glass had stopped tinkling on the floor Cokey was through the window and standing at the far side of the room beside a stairway that led to the sixth floor. Presently a husky young watchman came lumbering down the stairs and Cokey leaned over the railing and stunned him with a blow on the base of the brain. The watch-

man started to fall and Cokey laid the blackjack alongside his jaw in a short, vicious blow. There was a freight elevator a few feet from the stairway and Cokey took the watchman by the heels, dragged him into the elevator and ran it down to the main floor. He took a bunch of keys from the watchman's pocket, ran over and opened the front door and dragged the cop inside. Leaving the door open, Cokey ran back outside and around the corner, picked up the glass vial he had placed on the sidewalk and ran back inside the building. He locked the door, flashed his light in the cop's face and taking the cop's service revolver from its holster he ran back to the elevator.

The watchman was groaning and twisting on the floor of the elevator. Cokey bent down, whispered, "Let's go places," and dealt five enthusiastic blows to the back of the watchman's head with the barrel of the revolver. The watchman lay still and silent as Cokey walked away and approached a large vault that was bathed in a bright rectangle of incandescent light. He stood looking at the vault for a moment, then turned and quickly walked to the back of the building. A moment later he reappeared with a claw hammer in his hand and dropped it on the floor in front of the vault. Uncorking the small glass vial, Cokey took a needle from his coat pocket and dipped it into the greasy liquid. He bent down and drew the needle along a two inch space of the crack at the lower left corner of the door. Standing to the left of the vault he lifted the hammer and brought it down

sharply against the corner. There was a loud report and a slight bulge and widening of the door crack appeared as Cokey's hammer went flying across the room. Cokey knelt down and began taking things from his pockets and placing them on the floor---two percussion caps with fuses attached, a roll of adhesive tape, a piece of absorbent cotton and a medicine dropper. He filled the medicine dropper with liquid from the glass vial, squeezed ten measured drops onto a small piece of cotton and with his needle pushed the cotton far back into the depression of the crack at the corner of the vault door. Three times he repeated this action then taped a percussion cap over the spot. He struck a match, lit the fuse and walked to the elevator. He ran the elevator halfway down to the basement, lit a cigarette and was talking conversationally to the unconscious watchman when a violent explosion shook the building. Cokey took the elevator back to the main floor and ran to the vault. The mangled door was open and hanging loosely on its sprung hinges. Cokey snapped a light switch and, taking a flour sack from under his belt, went to work in the vault's lighted interior with an inspired look on his ivory-white face. There were many drugs with names on the shelves of the vault and though Cokey knew them all---their trade names, their conversions and their uses---he took only one specific kind. Boxes of the precious powder went in Cokey's sack until it was almost full and he could find no more. He picked up two bulging money bags on his way out of the



vault, opened one and peered in, saw thick sheafs of bank notes inside, and dropped the bags into the flour sack. He scooped up the cop's revolver from the floor and let himself out of the front door just as the neighborhood came alive with prowling cars and detectives.

Cokey looked to the right and saw a car two blocks away cruising slowly toward him, its spotlight cutting bright arcs through the rain as it swept the building fronts and dark areaways. On his left Cokey saw two cars pass each other slowly at the corner, going in opposite directions. Cokey turned to the left. He ran the length of the block, stopped and peered around the corner. Everything was dark and silent. He stepped into the street, took four steps and was suddenly bathed in twin shafts of white brilliance. He sprang to the side, whirled and was streaking down the side street when he heard the roar of a motor behind him and a car came up beside him with a rush and a screech of tires. Cokey wheeled, took a half a dozen running steps to the rear and dropped like a sack of meal. He heard the loud report of the pistol but he didn't feel the bullet that sped through his right kidney and tore a hole in the lower part of his abdomen. There was only a cold numbness. The car's occupant, a large man in plain clothes, left the car and approached Cokey warily. He was within two feet of Cokey's dark, motionless form when a spurt of bright flame came from Cokey's left armpit, followed by a loud report. Three more loud

reports followed in quick succession and the large man in plain clothes toppled to the sidewalk with a bullet through his chest. Cokey rose slowly with the flour sack still clutched tightly in his left hand and staggered to the car. A moment later the car, with Cokey at the wheel, went hurtling down the street at terrific speed and vanished at a dark intersection four blocks away as a group of squad cars converged on the scene where the man in plain clothes lay on the sidewalk.

The rain was coming down in torrents when Cokey stopped the car on a quiet residential street, got out and moved at a snail's pace across a lawn to the door of a two story house. The door was

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A girl can't expect to get more out of a sweater than she puts into it.

---

at street level and Cokey opened it and fell down two steps that led to a narrow, dimly lighted passageway. There were doors, like stalls, at regularly spaced intervals along both sides of the passageway and Cokey lifted himself to his hands and knees and crawled to the nearest one. He lay heavily on the floor for a moment and then banged loudly on the door with his clenched hand. Nothing happened. With his jaws tightly clamped together Cokey rose to his knees, grasped the doorknob and turned it gentle first one way, then the other. A girl's voice, clear with just a hint of the mellow negroid tone, called, "Who is it?" Cokey said,

"Open the damn door." The door opened and a girl with a fox-like face, dressed in pale yellow pajamas that matched her skin in color, knelt down beside Cokey. She looked at Cokey's blood-soaked clothes, then dis-engaged his locked fingers from the flour sack and threw it into the room behind her. Rising to her feet she stepped past Cokey and went flying down the passageway to return a moment later with a blond young man at her side. Together they gently lifted Cokey, carried him into the room and laid him on the bed. The girl picked up a French phone and was dialing a number when Cokey opened his eyes. "Naw, Lee," he whispered, "Gimme a slit sniff." Simultaneously small paper packets appeared in the hands of both the girl and the blond young man. The girl called Lee opened her packet first and in one motion she dumped half of the white powder onto her thumbnail and held it to Cokey's nostrils. Cokey sniffed deeply. "A cop's car's outside," he said. "Tell Ted to ditch it quick." He looked at the blond young man. "Ya better follow in Lee's car," he told him, "and cover Ted. Pick up DockPhilobear on the way back." The blond young man picked up a set of car keys from the top of a bureau and disappeared through the door. Cokey closed his eyes and relaxed. He pushed the girl's hands away when she brought a basin of hot water, some clean cloths, antiseptic and scissors and tried to do things for him. "Gimme a cigarette," he said loudly. The girl quickly lit one and placed it between his lips. She sat down on a green, satin-covered stool beside the bed. "Why

don't you let me phone the Doc?" she asked. Cokey blew smoke at the ceiling. "They might trace it," he replied. "How could they?" the girl asked. "I don't see how ---" "They might," Cokey repeated. He stretched his arms, yawned, said. "The doc'll be here pretty soon." The girl nodded. She rose, picked up the bulging flour sack and dumped its contents out onto the bed beside Cokey. She picked up the money bags and put them in a bureau drawer without looking inside them. She opened one of the flat pasteboard boxes and shook out half a dozen of the small round cans it contained. She gazed at the cans with an inspired look on her pale, fox-like face and as she continued to gaze, as though spellbound, the look on her face slowly changed to one of ecstasy. She whispered softly, "Ah, my Desire---CLOUD SEVENTEEN ---ah my desire!"

Cokey smiled faintly and said, "Yeah, Lee, the tribe won't hafta chase Cloud Seventeen around anymore. The reason we never could latch onto it was 'cause we didn't have enough snow." The girl bent close to Cokey and brushed his lips with her pink mouth. She put the pasteboard boxes and cans into the flour sack and locked it inside a clothes closet.

Cokey sat up and looked at the steady ooze of blood that issued from his abdomen. "Red rain and a purpose," he said gaily. "Lie down, Bert," the girl said. Cokey ignored her. He gave a short laugh, said. "Fevered justice," and then a look of panic crossed his ivory-white face as he saw the blood well up and begin to flow quickly. He lay back on the bed and his face tensed as he

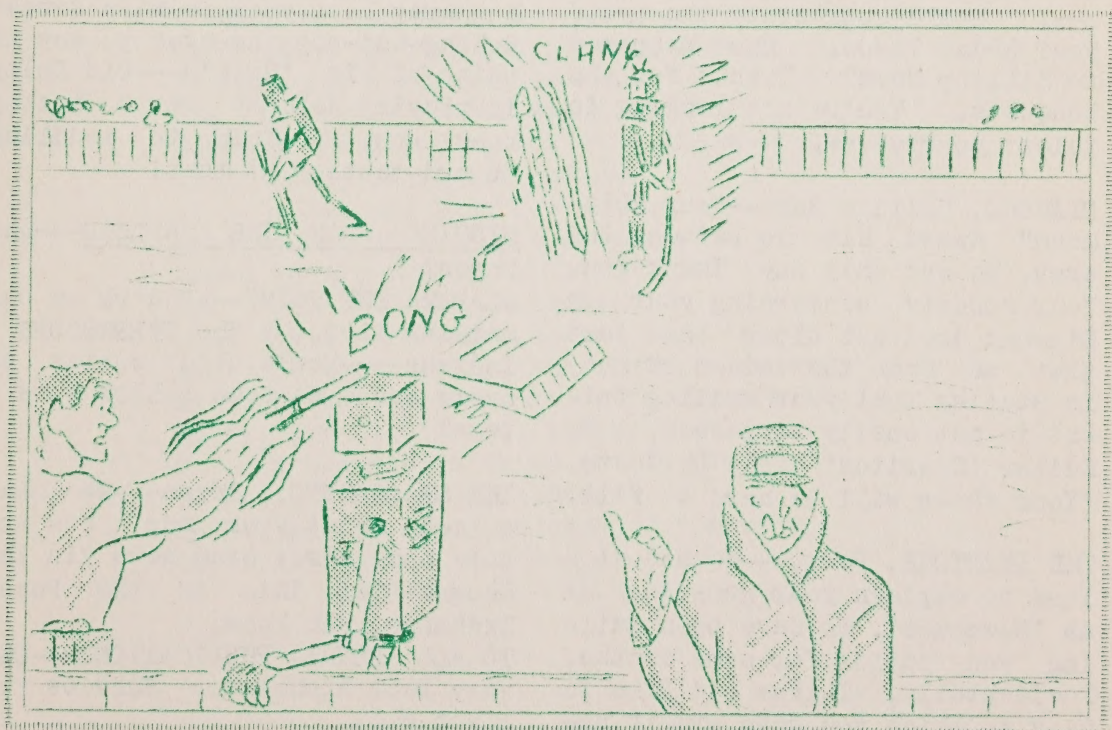


said, running the words into each other, "Plank row---hold smart, Cokey---gimme a deck, Lee." The girl quickly fixed the powder and Cokey sniffed it, relaxed, then sang loudly, "Moe! with a hey an' a ho, an' a hey an' a ho, with a hey, hey, Cokey an' a medico." He looked at the girl and grinned. The girl gave a short laugh and winked at him. "Play our piece," Cokey told her. She moved across the room, placed a record on the phonograph and came back and sat down beside the bed.

Cokey listened to the music with its strangely broken rhythm and his bright eyes swept upward. He saw a beautiful pink cloud sailing high among the silvered stars in the purpled heavens. He

stretched out his hands like a child in the thrall of some sudden delight and, surprisingly, the pink cloud dipped and sailed down to him. Never before had it come so delightfully close and Cokey stirred in troubled ecstasy and tried in vain to clamber aboard. Suddenly, as the blood gushed from the hole in his belly, Cokey saw a death's head appear like a mast at one end of the pink cloud. A flickering shadow of surmise touched his ivory-white face and then gave place to a look of bright anger as Cloud Seventeen hovered beneath him, lifted him gently as he made wildly protesting motions, and sailed serenely off with him into oblivion.

@ @





# PENAL ECHO-ETTES

By S.C. Smith



PEN-O-RAMA, Quebec---You're really going ahead fast. Those pictures are really something.

SHADOWS, Oregon---Just about the best of the circuit. You're 'Cloud Seventeen' was a knock-out. Yours is one we all read from cover to cover.

EYE-OPENER, McAlister---We failed to receive a couple of your issues. Would appreciate a copy of your Rodeo Issue. What happened to Hilltop News? Thanks for the bouquets. You're not lacking in talent yourselves.

DIAMOND, Collins Bay---Your "Diamond" Award hit us between the eyes. We can only say Thank You. Your modesty concerning your own Diamond does not alter the fact that we Echo the voices of many in stating that your writing talent is not easily surpassed. To Editor 'Emeritus' Billy De Coste, "Your shoes will be hard to fill."

THE KEYSTONE, Penn.---We are at a loss to explain your greeting us as 'Newcomer'. We have been mailing you copies for some months. Incidentally, "Things I'd Like To See" to which you gave credit un-

der "Tele-Scope" exchange, is an Echoe feature. We appreciate the plaudits. anyway.

K.P. TELE-SCOPE, Kingston---Your December issue read from cover to cover. My favorite, Johnny Brown's article on The John Howard Society proved most interesting. You would like to have Pilon, eh? What do you guys want? We sent you Haggerty last year, we miss screeching-and-popping-eyes to say nothing of his 'Hook'---Old Salty is playing defense on a hockey team now, a fair to meddling 'board-tester' at that!

MISSING FROM THE MAILBAG---Wha hapen?

ALABAMA PEN POINT---You're on our mailing list...? The TERRESCOPE, Indiana---How's about copies of every issue to some fellow hoos-iers?

THE SEAGOZETTE, Texas---We hear so much about your mag, how about some first hand news via the Seagozette. This is the Penal Exchange, you know.

TO ALL PENAL PUBLICATIONS---Our very Best Wishes for Success in 1953.



# MAIN STREET

## MADONNA

---

Alone, aloof, proud  
She stands apart from the crowd;  
Shadows of youth and beauty blotted  
From a face with hatred rotted.  
Bitterness etched in every line  
Pencilled deep by searing time.  
A woman in name and body only,  
Walled in a private world so lonely,  
A world of memories she cannot tell  
Each one a part of her private hell.  
Strange and eerie echoes after  
The bitterness of her empty laughter.  
Mocking and haunting the whirling mass  
Of mankind, as it hurries past  
In it's own mad rush for things unknown,  
Leaving her standing aloof alone.  
Proud in her shame. She heeds not  
The world that soon forgot,  
That she too belonged to the race of men  
And once was a child, sans lust, sans sin;  
And once had dreams like yours, like mine,  
Lofty, great, sincere, divine.  
But men has stolen those secret dreams  
To satisfy his empty schemes.  
And turned to ashes, dreams of tomorrow,  
She's left alone to face her sorrow.

S.C. Smith.

